

A stylized illustration of several trees with dark trunks and branches, filled with small, dark, circular leaves. The trees are set against a light, textured background. The illustration is positioned behind the title text.

The Charles Viewer

SPRING, 1977

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PERHAPS A NEW "THEY"

"Listen she said." "Listen with your mind, your soul and with your spirit." We all sat waiting patiently for this strange woman to begin. Her face seemed to portray a million expressions at once. She had depth and character; her eyes revealed that. Her eyes; they were so strange--crystal blue--they seemed to reflect back to your own face and to those of others around you. It was very strange looking at those eyes--they were like a giant mirror--and, yet, we were all compelled to seek them out; to gain a fixed view through them. Her face, it was like all the faces you've ever seen before and yet there was something strangely unique about it. It was almost a glow, something you'd equate with a supreme being. None of us knew what to expect from this strange woman as we gazed at her eyes but we all listened as she slowly, almost painfully, began.

"The truth lies within the circle of all of our existences--our collective existence. People have searched for centuries for individual truth but it is not within you or you--it is within us. We must be of a collective thought; follow a collective idea. Individual truth can only be achieved through others. When there are conflicting truths between others; when there is no general consensus of our collective being--there can be no individual truth. We have no collective being. We believe there is one and refer to it often as "they" but "they" is not us.

"They" do not exist. "They" does not represent a collective being--a common meaning or truth. "They" is the invention of separate individuals trying to find individual truth while suppressing collective truth! These individuals have become lost in personal truth by suppressing the very thing that could provide them with it. We must achieve a collective being with collective truths. Only within the circle of collective existence, a circle of truth with individuals each joined into a collective truth, can a positive meaningful existence be assured to all."

As she concluded, the scope of her mirror-like eyes widened. I'm not sure if it was an illusion or not as we all became enraptured by her painful plea to us but it seemed as though her eyes mirrored humankind from its beginning. All the misery of every single human being seemed portrayed through those eyes. Just as she finished her plea to us, the tears in her eyes seemed like a flood slowly dissolving our visions of her world. We were all silent, and as I saw the tears in the others' eyes, I found tears in my own. The strange woman gazed about her crowd of listeners and, in spite of her tears, smiled and opened her arms out wide to embrace the world.

Ramona Singleton '78

I know spring will always be a time of awakening.
I know there will always be a sunrise and a sunset.
I know there's no way to alter the passing of
 years in our lives.
I know waves never cease to form and roll onto
 a sandy shore,
And I know I'll never meet anyone like you again.

Sue Forman '77

I want you to understand how I feel
As I sit here watching the falling snow.
The right words are hard to find,
But I really want you to know.

You are always in my thoughts.
I haven't seen you for so long.
But the memories I will always have.
And I feel you are always nearby.

I sit here watching the whitecaps on the lake
Wishing you were here to heal the pain
Hoping for you to understand my feelings.

Gail Legere '78

I walked down a long stretch of beach enjoying the
sensation of my feet sinking in the moist sand. I
stopped because my gaze rested upon a solitary figure
sitting on a rock jetty. He was leaning intently
over the ocean almost spellbound.

Something about him fascinated me; awkward he looked
so vulnerable amidst the powerful, natural beauty of
the sea. I just had to approach him and start a con-
versation.

It appeared as though he were going to jump, so I
came up with one of my crazy opening lines and said,
hey don't jump, things can't be that bad. His eyes
sparkled, and he flashed a warm smile as he said that
he liked diving and was contemplating whether to jump
into the water. I agreed that the bluish green water
was very inviting.

He then told me he was from New York and how much he
loved the New England beaches. I felt so comfortable
talking to him as though we had known each other for
a long time instead of just meeting. The afternoon
was wearing on as we sat on the jetty, and I decided
to say good-bye and head home. I never did get to
see him again, and it was the closing of another summer.
I felt such a pang of sadness as I drove away, because
again the time came to move into another season.

Sue Forman '77

Alone on the beach I sit
thinking of pleasant thoughts.
It is nice to see if I fit
The life I'm living.

It is nice to be alone
Letting my thoughts run free;
Imagining things that will never be
is worth it to me.

I want to be alone,
please,
I want to be alone.

Jean Stevenson '78

Delight in existence
 For as long as it lasts.
 That with which this life endows you
 Is trifling
 Without the vitality
 Which brings to it
 Its worth.
 Experience all you encounter
 For often it seems
 The most significant treasures
 Are those which are common.
 Their value becomes visible
 When coupled with
 The unequalled excitement
 of a vivacious enthusiast.
 Enjoy the invigorating coolness
 of a brisk ocean spray
 And the warming security
 Of a consoling embrace.
 Bring to your world
 All the animation and vitality you
 can gain
 And your world can bring to you
 Life.

Maura Held '78

you said
 our love would
 last, for it would
 never be put to a
 test
 and yet
 you are testing me now
 you seem to know my
 heart better than
 i do
 once we were
 almost as one
 your voice and touch
 were as familiar as my
 own
 your laughter no longer consoles
 but mocks
 your voice is no longer gentle
 but coarse and
 heartless
 your eyes no longer soft
 and understanding
 but questioning, seeking
 and piercing
 my heart and soul
 is this not a test?
 it is the end of the
 special love we shared
 these tears are not meant
 to move you
 but only to comfort myself
 i shut my eyes against
 the reality of this too real
 disappointment.

Sallie Holian '77

Among the ruins of humanity
 Shines a light--distinguishable
 From the darkened rows
 Of insensitivity and cold.
 Beckoning, it casts its warmth
 And shelter for those who seek it.
 It takes no heavenly form
 Nor a mask to hide its invincible life;
 It is but hidden within a shroud
 Of the petty, blind indulgence
 Of a single candle flame
 Rather than the perpetual
 Fires of the soul.

Ramona Singleton '78

CLOUDS

Obscurers of radiance
 Carriers of storms, disaster, tragedy
 White, light, pure
 Aids to growth, health, life
 Heavy, oppressive, gray
 Bright, soft, blooming
 Clouds are much like all of nature.
 Mystical wonders.

Maura Held '78

Lady
 Of scarlet cheeks
 Poised
 Against a backdrop
 Of plastic color
 And perfection.
 Bought and sold
 For her wares-
 A tear remains
 Of a broken woman.
 Woman-
 Strong and brave.
 As bright as the early morning sun
 Conquering the darkness.
 Woman--whole!
 Power
 Equals Freedom.

Ramona Singleton '78

THE JOURNEY OF PERRY AND HELP

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Perry Nord. Perry lived in a small town called Insecurity. One day he thought to himself, life in Insecurity is no good. So, Perry started on a journey to a land called Confidence.

He knew that it would be a long and difficult trip. To make it less lonely, Perry brought his dog. Now, this was a very unusual dog. His name was Help, and he was light brown with purple ears and green feet. The thing that was strange about Help, was that he gave it. He really made Perry feel better. Just knowing that Help was there made Perry feel stronger.

The first thing Perry and Help encountered on their journey was the village of Insults. The Insults were little people full of cruel comments. They harrassed Perry and Help. Perry almost gave up, but with Help on his side he ran from the Insults and continued on his trip.

Perry and Help walked a long time. They eventually stopped for a rest and a bite to eat. Then they started on their trip again.

There was a forest with many trees ahead of them. Hiding behind the trees were Broken-Hearts. Perry had heard of the Broken-Hearts before and knew they were friendly and helpful people.

The Broken-Hearts invited Perry and Help to dinner and prepared places for them to sleep.

The next day Perry and Help thanked the Broken-Hearts and walked on.

They were close to Confidence now, but Perry knew he and Help would have to fight the Sarcasmation before they could reach their destination.

Perry and Help planned a defence. Suddenly the Sarcasmation appeared before them. As it started to attack Perry, Help approached. Help jumped on it's back. The Sarcasmation fell to the ground. Help told Perry to run. Perry looked back as he ran and saw Help dead on the ground.

Although Perry was happy that he had reached Confidence, he could not hold back the tears. Help had saved him, and now he was alone. He felt sad, for he knew he would soon forget about Help in Confidence.

Kim Stephenson '78

THE SETTING SUN

As the sun went down
It hid behind the mountains,
and night came once more.

Kathy Forster '78

REFLECTIONS

The setting sun placed
Reflections upon the lake
Creating a path.

Kathy Forster '78

KAREN

Life was invented for people like Karen.
So curious and energetic,
So thrilled with even the smallest of pleasures.
Her sweet smile and gentle disposition are an absolute joy,
And can alleviate any cares of the day.
How curious her mind!
How assertive her nature!
Her relentless search for adventure and knowledge
Are to be commended.

The pleasures of watching her exhibit her
Boundless energy is heartwarming and gratifying;
Knowing that she is taking full advantage of what
Is offered to her, or confronts her and making it appear that,
There is no obstacle which would make a goal unattainable,
If that is what one truly wanted.

Karen's smile and the warmth she projects are an
Invaluable asset to all who come in contact with her.
She is a blessing beyond words, and a treasure which,
I will always cherish.

Marcia Decter '77

DAVID

What a joy! What a character!
Always so different
So exasperating yet so heartwarming
Lazy but filled with an abundance of energy.
His sweet smile weakens me so.
His mischievous ways captivating,
His skilled and deliberate charm prevail, always.
Knowing fully he has me in his command,
He manipulates me into an obsequious admirer.
And my admiration for him is obvious.
How quickly our days together seem to be escaping.
Today I must absorb every possible moment, for
Tomorrow I must let him go his own way.
His wit, wisdom and charm will be an indelible keepsake--
Projecting warmth at a moments notice.

Marcia Decter '77

LONELINESS

Alone in the quiet hours preceding dawn,
I feel so empty.
I wonder how many others feel alone.
Listening for the familiar sounds of the night,
I hear Louis' truck and the jingle of milk bottles.
Another kind of aloneness.
But somehow his solitude
Cannot compare with the gratitude
That I feel for the early morning; sweet songs
From the birds readily erase
The emptiness of being alone and lonely.
The warmth from the golden sun rising,
Radiates a promise on the horizon.

Marcia Decter '77

LOVE

I sit in a dimly lit restaurant
Watching the lovers that surround me
Their sweet laughter flows by me
I feel a smile creeping upon me
I think of all the times like this we've shared.
All the sweet laughter of love that came from
within us.

And finally in the mist of love I am smiling brightly.
For I know I will soon be within the circle of
your love again.

Why do you act this way?
Why wouldn't you accept
my changes?
I've grown up, and it feels
So good.
So please LET ME GO!

Dena Wolfe '78

Gail Legere '78

Legs straddled,
heart pounding,
weary body soaked with sweat,
worthwhile, bearable pain.
Calming voices,
instructive voices.
Lift your head to see at the
opposite end a familiar face.
The intense surge of pain,
the final contraction and release
into your husband's trembling hands.
Joy overpowers you as you see
the result of the love between
you and him.

Melissa DeMuis '78

EPITAPH OF A VIRGIN SOUL

He never knew
How much he meant to me.
We were always much too stubborn
To get to know one another.

If only we had listened,
We could have grown to love.
But now he's gone,
And it's too late to say
You meant a lot to me.

I felt
But did not touch.
I saw
But did not perceive
My life has been
Peopled with aloneness.
My death will be
My freedom-
From abuse.

Gail McManus '78

Ramona Singleton '78

" SILENT COMMUNICATIONS"

i told her
"i have no answers."
And, yet,
Her searching,
empty eyes
plagued mine
for some sign,
some assurance,
that it was not the end.
Her eyes
piercing through mine
opened a valley
of silent tears
which shook
my entire being
draining me
of hope.
And as my eyes became
empty and disillusioned
she have up her search
and her eyes portrayed
the anguish of death
in an empty stare.

Ramona Singleton '78

Music shouts in my mind
carrying me away
into a new world
filled with colors--
live vibrant colors.
and in this world
i see many smiles.
loving,
warm, real smiles--
the music plays softly
luring me into a
dream
pulling me away
from the danger of reality.
there are no struggles there--
no worry, no tears of sadness
only laughter, warm, quiet,
sharable laughter.

Sallie Holian '77

let us share a glass of wine
and watch the flames dance freely.
let us share a bit of poetry;
you can read to me.
let us slip from reality
as the mellow minutes pass,
and let us love each other
for as long as the night may last.

Sallie Holian '77

AMAZON

The time has come for all to know
That the ancient Mythical River
Does exist.
She is as deep as she is wide
Flowing within Accepting souls
With the strength of the raging sea
And the peace of a gleaming lake
At twilight.
Her banks are always growing
In a slow, steady pace
Gathering from her Mother Earth
The nourishment to withstand
The powerful mountains,
Blocking her way
To the oneness of the ocean.
In the beginning,
She didn't understand
Why
The powerful mountains,
Of the Mother Earth,
Blocked her way.
She was a sister.
One with the earth.

And why
Did the mountains,
Children of the Mother Earth,
Rise up above their Mother
Only to block their sister.
She didn't understand
Why
She was denied
The oneness of the ocean.
But, then, she realized
Her oneness would be strength
And power
And, maybe, the mountains were afraid
She, too, would block their way
And swallow them up
In her path of glory.
So in the midst of
Fearful suppression
The River rages on
To be one with the ocean
And to rise up
To the mountain tops.

Ramona Singleton '78

MUSIC'S MAGIC

Listening to the music my pen begins to move. I write of the place the singer sings of. A place where only love is in existence. The only thing of value in this world is beauty. Not physical beauty, but a beauty that can only come from within. The beauty of feeling at peace with everybody and everything and most important of all a peace with yourself.

Then the singer's voice begins to fade and my pen begins to falter. The singer is quiet, the music stops, and I sit and look at a piece of paper with only words printed on it. Only words.

Gail Legere '78

GROWING UP

Reflecting of the past
your image in action
as you physically stood close to me
and comforted my fears and loneliness
I could feel your absence
although you had not walked out the door yet
like an undertow
dragging me further and further below
feeling as though I would never reach
the surface again
I realize you have left me
but I refuse to give up,
demanding your return,
Striving to regain the "you" I have lost.
Yes, you are standing by me
but you are no longer close to me.
Well, I must accept the changing tides.

Lynda Serra '78

RETURNING TO LOVE

I returned home last week after being away for awhile. I let my imagination take over my mind as I drove. Thinking how it would be when I saw him and of our first words. Picturing his face, the gentle lines of his mouth curved in a smile caused my heart to leap. Driving into town I found myself singing to the love songs that played on the radio. Even before I could stop the car, I saw him approaching the car. Then I was in his arms and the message in his eyes was sweeter than any imagination could capture, and the memory even warmer.

Gail Legere '78

NEVER SATISFIED

She sat at the kitchen table sipping her tea, pretending to read a book, but found that her mind was wandering. Through the window she could see the turning leaves as a gentle breeze forced them to the ground. The yellow and red objects were swept across the lawn and into the street. Soon the trees would be completely bare and snow would cover the vivid colors.

The sound of the rustling leaves was interrupted by the squeaking of wheels on the sidewalk. A few of the neighborhood girls were pushing their baby carriages and singing to their make-believe children. She had to chuckle as she watched them try to walk in the over-sized high heels.

She remembered when they came to visit her and asked if they could borrow some dress-up clothes. She had given them some old costume jewelry, make-up that she no longer used, and one of her favorite hats. She never thought she would part with that accessory, for it held special memories of her own children. It was when she saw their delighted faces that she decided to donate it to the cause of playing "grown-ups."

After they had put the clothes on and carefully applied the make-up, she treated them to some punch. She wanted to give them some cookies, too, but when she took the wafers out of the package, she found that they were stale. She was disappointed, for she thought she had bought them just a week ago.

A tear formed in her eye as they skipped down the street in their sophisticated wardrobes. It slid down her cheek and landed in her cup. The reflection she saw in the tea water wished that she, too, could be playing their game of make-believe.

Meilssa Ames '78

I feel so alone;
I can see you around me,
But you are blind to me.
I can almost touch you,
But you slide from my reach.
Can't you hear me crying
 "I'm here?"
I feel so lonely,
And no one will reach out.
I need to be reassured
That someone still cares.
Can't you see I feel so alone
Why do I feel so alone?

Gail Legere '78

MAN'S PROGRESS?

I stand on the top of the world
Looking down on man's destruction.
The streams I remember from childhood
Are now mucky and dying.
The open fields I once roamed
Are now filled with gray smoke from factories.
There is no place for our children to learn
About God's natural gifts.
And I wonder: Is man's progress more important
 than our children's freedom and learning,
For is man really progressing if our children are not?

Gail Legere '78

I know you don't understand
 What I'm feeling;
 It's not easy for you to see
 The deep down real inside ME.
 The magic of the music
 Makes me more mellow,
 And my thoughts stray to you.
 What can I do?
 Take a closer look at me.
 If you'd like to,
 Can you tell that I'm saying
 I'd like to think of you as staying?
 The sudden silent spaces
 Send my sighs swaying in the wind,
 And my thoughts stray to you
 One more time again.

Sallie Holian '77

There he stands in Vietnam;
 He spreads his hands across the land.
 He wished upon it peace and love,
 But only hurt came from above.

He tried again; hopelessly, it seemed.
 And now he knew it was but a dream.
 He gave it all his peace and love,
 But only hurt came from above.

And now it was his turn to fight
 To help resolve the endless plight.
 He turned his head; it was all too quick,
 And now he knew the sensation of sick.

But not from one a tear was shed,
 For there he lay and there he bled.
 They wished upon him peace and love,
 But only hurt came from above.

Heidi Urquhart '78

I WAS TOO BUSY

Have you seen anywhere
 A tall little lad and a
 Wee winsome lass of four?
 It was only today that barefoot
 And brown they played by my kitchen door.

It was only today, or maybe a year
 It could not be twenty, I know--
 They were shouting for me to help in
 Their game--but I was too busy to go.

Too busy with sweeping and dusting to play
 And now they have silently wandered away.
 If by chance you hear of a slim little
 Lad and a wee winsome lass of four,
 Oh, please tell me, I pray,
 For to find them again
 I would journey the wide world o'er.

Somewhere, I'm sure, they'll be
 Playing a game--and should they
 Be calling for me,
 I will come out and help--oh, tell
 Them, I beg--I am coming as fast as
 Can be! For there's never a house
 That could hold me today--could
 I hear them call me to share
 In their play!

Marcia Decter '77

Quiet small creature
 You look serene and happy.
 Please don't open your eyes

One of my favorite things to
 think about is you-thinking of me.

Susan Nassiff '78

Susan Gorski '78

HEY STRANGER -

You are not at all like my friend,
As yet you are nothing.
No one has befriended you
And you have befriended no one.
You are like my friend when I first knew him.
He was only a person like a hundred thousand
Other persons
But I have made him my friend
And now he is unique in all the world.
You are beautiful. But you are empty.
One cannot die for you. To be sure, an ordinary
passerby would think you looked just like my friend
-the friend that belongs to me-
But in himself alone he is more important
than all the hundreds of you other people
because it is he that I held nothing back from;
because it is he that I have stood up for when
others put him down;
because it is he that I trust and believe in,
because it is he that I have listened to when
he grumbled, or boasted or even sometimes
said nothing:
Because he is my friend.

Cathy Cardillicchio '77

The Fall.
A falling autumn leaf
Begins its slow journey
Floating downward
On stagnant air.
Reaching, dreaming,
Pulling its form
In slight upward arcs
Toward the sky
As it glides downward.
But the upward arcs
Only insure momentum
Of the eventual downfall
To the cold, hard earth.
The journey ends-
As predicted.

Is life really a series of good-byes?
Sometimes it feels that way,
but it really isn't
Many people pass through our lives always
leaving a part of themselves behind.
The feelings shared are imprinted
upon our emotions forever. So even if
we never meet again, I'm happy
for the times we were together.

Sue Forman '77

Ramona Singleton '78

"THE TICKING OF THE CLOCK"

The walls began to move-
To enclose me-
And lock me up.
Four walls
Moving silently
Slowly
To the rhythm of the ticking of the clock
Which became louder
And louder
Until I couldn't hear
Anything
Except the booming sound
Of its hands in motion.
Minute by minute
the walls crept closer
and closer,
Stealing my light,
My air,
Until I could barely move.
I tried to move
My arms,
My legs
But I couldn't;
I couldn't move them.
I became afraid;
I tried to scream
For help-
Somebody
Help
Please!
But the ticking of the clock
Was so loud
I couldn't be heard
Beyond the inside of my own head
Where the sounds echoed
And echoed
To the rhythm of the ticking of the clock
Until I felt like the power
Of it would burst open my head
And break through these walls
But the pounding
Remained inside my body
Constantly pushing
Toward every muscle
Trying to escape
My bodily prison.
Nothing helped.
I couldn't move.
I couldn't be heard.
I can't even see now
As the four walls
Form a wodden rectangular box
And the ceiling slams down.

Ramona Singleton '78

As i wandered
Down the lonely,
Dim,
Bare, streets
Your image flashed
Before me.
With your iron shield
Placed staunchly
Before your heart,
You began to open
Your mind to me
Again.
As you've done
So many times
Before.
But
It didn't work
This time.
The cleansing
Early morning dew
Enveloped your image,
Broke down your
Intellectual facade,
And i saw you
In your torn
Silent
Mirror image.

Ramona Singleton '78

I awake
to sun streaming in my window
casting a honey-colored glow
over the ceiling and walls
Then
I touch so lightly
I think it's a butterfly
lands on the back of my neck
I turn
to look into your sleepy eyes
and recline another glow
from your crazy smile
We are safe in our warm cacoon
of blankets and body heat
Then a bell
rings to break our cozy silence
And we both arise
to face the reality of
life.

Connie Farr '78

I met this boy who brought me to wine and dine;
He put his hand in mine.
With seriousness in his voice, he gave me a line.
I turned around and showed him a sign,
It said, "That Way to New York!"

Carole Pinault '78

What a funny thought
If by chance I could be you.
and you could be me

Kim Gibbs '78

Across the meadow
The wind touches the tall grass
Gently swaying free.

Karen Drown '78

Washing away death
The tide comes in slowly now;
Gulls scurry to feast.

Joanne Cartwright '78

MORNING GLOW

Good morning glow
I see you when you glow and
The early morning show.

Sherral Toney '78

Will the sun come up
When morning is fresh,
Paint its streaks across the skies;
Or
Will the heaven's break
Paint blackness across the skies
Only to fade away.

Carol Sylvester '78

Under a tall tree
A squirrel sat quietly
Clutching a chestnut.

Patricia Goodwin '78

Seven warm colors
The pouring rain has just stopped-
The rainbow of life.

Jean Janiszewski '78

Daisies in the breeze
Flutter, dance; then gently sway
On a summer day.

Patricia Goodwin '78

Looking-glass mirror
Reflections of inner souls-
A frozen lake in winter.

Jean Janiszewski '78

The river flows slowly;
The leaves fall gently in it;
Autumn has set in.

Stephanie Vogell '78

A snap of a branch
A doe and her fawn emerge;
Spring has left its mark.

Stephanie Vogell '78

We talk all day long
Voices sounding their many thought.
Are you listening?

Sue Crowley '78

SPRING

Quietly stepping on the soft, moist earth,
I walked along breathing breaths of spring.
I could smell the newness in the air;
The earth was alive again.

You could still see traces of snow on the
ground. But you really didn't see any
around.

I had walked for about a mile or two
and there I saw it sticking out of the
ground. At first I didn't know what it was,
So I ran to where it stood. Sticking out
of the moist earth was the first sign of spring--
A small pink blossom swaying in the wind.

Nicole Chisholm '78

Oh, graceful butterfly,
Flutter your wings so freely;
The air is your haven.

Susan Nassiff '78

Sitting on the dock
Watching the waves hit the shore
After a Spring storm.

Jane McLaughlin '78

UNKNOWN JOURNEY

The snow is falling;
Deer run quickly through the woods.
Their destiny unknown.

Carol Ahern '78

Upon the pale river
Silvery moonlight shines bright
Until the river bend.

Gail Legere '78

SUNRISE

As I sit alone
Waiting for the sun to rise,
Darkness slowly fades.

March winds shake the trees;
Rabbits cower in their holes
Waiting patiently.

Patty Morgan '78

Cheryl Ottino '78

The clouds gather;
The sky gets dark and gloomy.
It begins to rain.

Kim Daurio '78

Mushrooms bloom gently.
If only I too could bloom,
Life would be fuller.

Anne Coley '78

On the riverside,
The 'chirp' of a bird at noon
Pierced through known silence.

Margie Behrens '77

Sun shines, early mist.
Blackness comes on us too fast.
Arise and enjoy!

Ann Coley '78

A simple sunset
Watching one more day of sweat
Fading to forever.

Margie Behrens '77

Me, a small imprint
Frightened by life's loneliness
Continues to live.

Anne Coley '78

A careful flower
Only beholds beauty for
Those who enjoy it.

Margie Behrens '77

I watched the rain fall
In the haunting summer's night
And heard the wind call.

Ruth Ann Fisher '78

Movie ticket stubs,
Letters and a photograph;
Memories of us

Debbie Fusaro '78

EYES
Eyes are open doors.
So much can be visioned;
It is a true gift

Angela Boucher '78

Leaves prance in the wind
Like ballerinas on stage;
Beauty in motion.

Debbie Fusaro '78

Waves crash with the force
Of thunder on the smooth rock
Where I am dreaming.

Maura Held '78

The call of the dove
Dew sets in on the field;
Morning has come again.

Stephanie Vogell '78

Computers world wide;
Mother nature forgotten.
Confused people cry.

Judy Maguranis '78

Like a rabbit on the track, life goes round and round
with vicious people inside vicious circles chasing
each other down, down.

Hot from the scent they're out for your blood
and to tear you apart.

So you've got to be the hardest fighter or the
fastest runner right from the start.

Elaine Crowley '78

I love you
but I'm here and you're there.
I want you
but I have to wait until the calendar
says it's the right time.
It's always next month, next week, tomorrow.
I need you today.

Some day we'll always be together
but until then I'll wait
through all the tomorrows,
forever.

Debbie Fusaro '78

ME, MYSELF AND I

Me, Myself and I
We are all alike.
We do the same things
Go to the same places

Me, Myself and I
always find a way
To agree-
After all, we have
To live with each other.

On, why must I want
It hurts, but I must be strong.
You keep saying that you just want to be
a friend,
But will that old line ever end?

When we are together,
It is more than friendliness I feel;
For I long to be with you forever.
But when will it be real?

Terry Marciante '78

Gwendolyn Peddy '78

MIDNIGHT

Midnight-
an empty room.
Shadows keep me company.
Moonlight sketches endlessly.
Community of imagery.

Faces line the wall.
A silent lover's mourning call.
Echoes fading through the hall.
The heights we reach before we fall.

A fading rose.
An empty face.
Hearts that would never break.
Ah-to sleep and never wake.

Midnight-
an empty room.
Shadows keep me company.
Moonlight sketches endlessly.
Community of imagery.
Peace has taken leave of me.

Ramona Singleton '78

While I sit alone
visions of you come to mind.
I almost lose control
drifting away in a daze
that becomes so real
I can feel your soft touch
I see a special smile,
But then it's all gone
as I awake to reality.

Kathy Forster '78

Looking out of the window on a spring day,
the sun shines on the river as the sail boats sway.

The seagulls fly high, and then soar down,
but only to discover there's no fish to be found
as the sail boats sway.

The fishermen sit with hooks on their lines
Waiting hour after hour, hoping for a sign, but
it never comes. As their sail boats sway.

What has caused this problem to appear
could it be from one too many oil spills
this year. And the sail boats sway.

Kathy Forster '78

As I watch the snowflakes
fall from the sky,
I think of nothing but
my love for you and
the beautiful relationship
that exists between us.

I feel lonely and so
far away
Although it is so good
to know that I can express
my feelings honestly and
you will always listen.

You make me feel so
alive and happy.
How I wish that we
could be together...

Kathy Plankey '77

I stood for the longest time
watching as the sun slowly sank
beneath the horizon; A gentle
sea breeze blew through my hair
as dusk approached, and I felt
an unsettling heaviness welling in me.

Sue Forman '77

I love old houses.
They trigger my imagination
back into a lost time belonging
to another era.

Sue Forman '77

Changes
In the flashing colors
That elude my dreams
Of you
Focus
Their brilliance
And cause
A black-and-white
Truth
To occupy
My being.
For colors captured
Your essence
Of life
And escaped with mine
Leaving a dull,
Black image
That imposes
Its vast nothingness
On the past.

Ramona Singleton '78

there's an old man in the common
 who drinks away the days
 on a bench in the shade, all alone.
 he watches the people rushing by
 and grins a toothless drunken smile.
 his bottle he keeps in a bag on the ground
 where no one but he can reach.
 he wanders from his bench now and then
 in endless search for a sometime friend
 to help him pass the lonely hours.
 the days are warm but his heart is cold
 and just past forty he feels so old
 he reaches for the only friend he's ever found
 and takes a drink with a gulping sound.
 he thinks of a life he knew long ago
 and wipes the tears from his eyes.
 he glances at the dirt ground in his hands
 as he walks from his bench in the shade, all alone..
 the sun beats down, blinding his path
 to the pond where he rinses the dirt from his hands.
 looking down in the water he sees such a sight-
 more repulsive than any he's ever known
 he cries out in anguish, shock and shame
 and wished he knew this stranger's name.
 the grubby face and stringy hair
 belong to him, he knows
 and yet he'd give the world for
 a reflection of a better man.
 but he knows not how to change
 so he climbs up the bank and crawls
 back to his bench in the shade, all alone.
 he takes a swig from the bottle he hid
 beneath the bench in brown papered bag.
 he sleeps on the bench unaware
 that the day has passed into night once more.
 there's an old man in the common
 who drinks away the years
 on a bench in the dark, all alone.

Sallie Holian '77

Some people like to lose themselves reading a
 good book.
 Others prefer to be surrounded by throngs of
 people at parties.
 Some people idolize movies because it gives them
 the chance to vicariously live the lives of
 the actors and actresses.
 What I do to lose myself is retreat to the sea.
 I don't have to worry about small talk as I
 would in a party, and I'm not living anyone
 else's life through a screenplay or novel.
 I am simply alone with the surf hitting the
 beach, and I reflect upon the ending of
 another day.

The city
 is filled to the brim
 with lonely, cold,
 hard, people--
 unsmiling, rushing
 pushing, shoving
 to a destination
 unknown.

Sallie Holian '77

Sue Forman '77

at exactly the same moment
 we recognized each other
 and crossed the room
 to exchange greetings.
 you commented on my hair
 and i on your beard;
 you thought we could use some air.
 i suggested the balcony;
 you offered to drive me home
 i invited you in for a nightcap;
 you laughed at my apartment
 and then at my pouting.
 you put a record on the stereo
 and we danced.
 there in the midst of
 memories of other days, we
 collapsed in each others arms
 laughing-breathless-and happy.
 you wondered what had happened
 to the love we had shared.
 i laughed and reminded you
 that then we had been children.
 you smiled and stood to go.
 i walked you to the door;
 you held me for a moment
 and kissed me good-night
 promising to call
 tomorrow.
 i watched you go
 and, closed the
 door softly, i smiled
 for i knew
 you were back again.

Sallie Holian '76

Why do you plague me so
 With your vague qualities
 Issued to create mystery
 And suspense?
 You make me question
 Myself
 And, in that, cause
 Variations in my emotions
 That I want to be sure of.
 I become a slowly rolling wave
 Reaching great heights-
 Rising with power and strength
 And, then, drawing back
 Afraid to reach the shore-
 Afraid to realize my own feelings.
 And you, you become the moon
 All powerful,
 Controlling me,
 Pulling me
 back and forth
 In an endless struggle
 Of indecision
 Between the hopeful shore
 And the fearful sea.

Ramona Singleton '78

Where are They?
 Supposedly so close
 And yet
 So hard to reach.
 Years of ignoring,
 I've lost my grasp.
 Where are They?
 I know They exist.
 Caught up
 In the tremendously cold,
 Real world,
 I've somehow lost Them.
 I've reacted
 Mechanically
 Coldly
 Harshly.
 Where are They?
 I know They exist
 But I've lost.
 I've lost my grasp.

Ramona Singleton '78

the love i hold
 for you .
 is here-safe
 with me.
 but hurry
 for love is stolen
 in silent moments
 when trusting backs
 are turned.
 here i await
 your return;
 i cry lonely tears
 in the night so black
 and dreary.
 alone i stand
 and remain so
 until
 you return to your
 place beside me.
 the love you promised
 me
 is safe i feel.
 but hurry, love,
 for you are stolen
 in the
 softness of this
 night
 so
 black.

Sallie Holian '76

Blinded,
You lead us
Down your path
Blocking our eyes
To the truth.
We, here, are one
You are not of us
And yet you try
To make us worship
Your difference.
We are here to grow;
To know all we can
About ourselves
And, then, others.
Instead, old man
You try to teach us
Of your greatness and importance,
And not ours.
But, a substitute self
Will not last long;
You can only pacify for a time.
Until then, old man,
Enjoy your conceit
And realize this prophecy to you
In your own work.

Ramona Singleton '78

Life is like a raindrop
It travels rapidly on its dated course
Encountering other drops.
Two joining as one
And parting again,
When separated by some unforeseen obstacle;
Until it comes to the end of its journey
And splatters on the ground
To dissemble and be forgotten.

Terry Pendleton '78

Reflections
Of the Past
Enter the mirrors
Of my being
And force me
Into an expression
Of the dismal being
I once knew
And had forgotten.
But again, the reflections
Intermingle,
Guided by the force
Of light,
And all my reflections
Become one
And I am whole again.

Ramona Singleton '78

Oh, well will this train stop?
Just when will I get off
Shall I keep riding without knowing
How far I'll be, or where I'll be going?

Time keeps slipping away
Each moment, hour, and day
Oh, train please set me on the
right track
For if you're wrong, there's no
turning back

Just when will I return?--Maybe
tomorrow or perhaps never-
Yes, I may ride this train forever...

Heidi Urquhart '78

DR. KING

Dr. King was a man of love
a man who I know is in heaven above.

Dr. King was a man of great respect,
I did not meet him personally,
but his story I'll never forget.

Dr. King marched with great pride
with friends and followers by his
side.

Dr. King was a man I know who
strived. God knows, I wish he was
still alive.

Dr. King was a man with the
great dream, that came true it seems.

Dr. King is gone away, but I
wish he was here today.

If Dr. King had lived to see the
world today, he'd stand up and
say, "God has shown me the way."

Thank you Dr. King, I say, for
helping your people find their way.

And thank you, Lord, Almighty
God, I pray,
I am free at last, free to stay.

Sherral Toney '78

When I look back to that night
I find it difficult to see,
that exactly 5 years ago
Was the first time you met me.

It seems just like a lifetime,
While our love keeps growing stronger.
Our futures are united,
And memories keep getting longer.

We've had fights and shed some tears,
But that is only expected.
Perhaps in the next five years,
Our mistakes may be perfected.

When we are divided,
We have each other on our minds.
And when we are together,
Its our needs that we can find.

On this very special day,
It means so much to me.
And finally I want to say,
"HAPPY ANNIVERSARY."

Diane Peterson '77

ONE LOVE

It all began on March 15,
That very special day.
I met my one and only love,
I thought that it would stay.

It lasted for a good long time,
Not long enough for me.
You said you had to say good-bye;
You wanted to be free.

I've been without you for awhile;
To me it seems so long.
But if you're happy this way,
I guess it can't be wrong.

I wish I never met you
And never saw your face.
I'll never love another;
No one can take your place.

I have one thing left to say to you;
I hope you will not mind.
I'll always love you, Pumpkin,
You always will be mine.

Lorinda Johnson '78

Awakening slowly from his sleep, he unconsciously
reached to the opposite side of the bed. When he felt
its emptiness he sighed. He had been the only occupant
of the bed for two months now, but still each morning
he reached to the empty side. Remembering the times
when his reach would find the smooth flesh or soft hair
against his palm caused his eyes to water. If only
they had taken the time to talk and understand each
other. Maybe then his hand would hold the smooth flesh
he longed for. He clenched the sheet as he sadly ac-
cepted the absence of the one he loved.

Gail Legere '78

I stood for the longest time
watching as the sun slowly sank
beneath the horizon; A gentle
sea breeze blew through my hair
as dusk approached, and I felt
an unsettling heaviness welling in me.

Sue Forman '77

PEACEFUL MOMENTS

I sit on the shore
Smiling at the thought of you,
looking at the moon teasing the waves.

I sit on the shore
Wanting you as the fisherman wants his prey.

On the shore alone
I whisper, I wonder,
I need you, be there.

Pascale Bailly '77

CHILDREN'S MINDS

Young minds free to question--
To question each element of life
In no hurry to find the answer.
Young minds to explore the world--
To examine each aspect of life.
Patiently awaiting an answer.
Young minds of children
Minds of curious children
Minds of innocent children.

Gail Legere '78

Just a word from
you is all i need
to lift my spirits.
you never fail to give
me the strength i need
to carry on.
in your voice
i hear the smile
feel the warmth of the
love you have for me.
yes, i do love you
for all you are,
for all you give,
for simply being there,
the way you say i am
for all you think
of me-
I LOVE YOU.

Sallie Holian '77

the bond we have
cannot be broken,
mangled, or lost.
in the deep recesses
of my mind,
i find a thought of
you
a shimmering light
of hope.
and i know
that there is no
power great enough
no person strong enough
to take away
the feeling we share.

Sallie Holian '77

LOVE
IS
RIVER
SO
DEEP
AND
FAST
FLOWING
THAT
MANY
HAVE
DROWNED.

Susan Gorski '78

A new sunrise begins the day. I promised myself
that I would forget about you, but promises like that
are easily broken.

Thoughts of you kept drifting into my mind and
stirring my emotions.

You told me you weren't sure whether you ever
wanted to see me anymore, so I got up and left.

As I got in my car and drove off, I thought about
the look in your eyes which said more than any
words could. My whole being was confused because
of the uncertainty in your eyes.

As I was driving, I felt consoled from the movement
of the car along the open road and the thought
that nothing in life is really sure, but that it's
sometimes a matter of taking a chance. If we're
too afraid to wish, we may never know love.

Suddenly I realized a different place won't change
any feelings I have, so I drove back home and de-
cided to forget about you, accept the hurt, and
still leave myself open to people and life.

I can't forget you, and the words we shared. In
the meantime, I sit at the piano and write some
music that you won't hear. It's my way of ex-
pressing the feelings I have for you. My friends
ask what motivated me to start writing music
again, and I told them it was someone I cared
about who affected my life.

Sue Forman '77

One may wait for the sun to start shining,
And another may wait for some more snow to fall.
No matter which season we'd wish to be finding,
Yes, There's something in this WORLD for us all.

Life is a game that we all play a part in,
And there's so much to do, and to see and to be.
You want to own everything that you set your eyes on,
Don't feel bad, it's the same way with me.

But if people would not be so greedy,
And give to others as they take for their own,
I think then, this world might just make it,
And maybe the sufferers would no longer moan.

What, Am I crazy? It's all just a dream.
A world full of people who really don't care.
Things can't get much worse, or that's what it seems,
Ask them to try? Well I wouldn't dare!

It's just a puzzle we get all mixed up in,
Nobody really knows the right way to go.
How can one person make such a big difference?
How can just one person honestly know?

Now that I've told you what I believe,
Maybe these thoughts will stick in your mind.
If everyone helps, we can change things, indeed
And perhaps create a better mankind.

Diane Peterson '77

SUN

Melting, marvelous, metallic
Burns the ground beneath my feet
Fire

Heidi Urquhart '78

The sky opens up
My feelings are washed away
Cool rain on my head.

When the wind blows cold
In the land of the empty
It makes you wonder

Carol Sylvester '78

Carol Sylvester '78

The falling snowflakes gently enveloped us as we walked down the street. You were saying something as I concentrated on the crunching feeling of snow beneath my feet. I was too numb to respond to your words because a flashback of thoughts rushed its way into my mind.

I felt as though it could have been the winter of a year ago. How different things were then. I had a 9 to 5 job instead of going to school, and more important, I never suspected I would experience the death of someone close to me only a few months later.

The gnawing coldness of winter is the same every year, but what changes occur in people, places, and situations. How unfortunate that I never stopped running long enough to find myself or to really spend time with people who meant a lot to me. I've learned to look inside myself more to see what I'm feeling, because you never know when something like death will happen to someone you love; and it's sad to think back upon things you could have done to brighten someone's day, but they were never done.

You nudged me and asked whether I was O.K. because I didn't answer you. Yes, I'm all right, the serenity of the snow just caused me to think.

Sue Forman '77

The full Harvest moon
Shines on the water at night
high lighting the waves.

Jayne Carroll '78

NOW IT DOES NOT SEEM THE SAME

Now, you've had time to get your life together,
You've had time; don't change your mind for me.
Well, I've been feeling just a little bit better,
Don't count this as another victory.

All our dreams, they crashed to become nothing,
And all your books are just taken away from my shelf.
It takes so much for you to believe in something,
I'm sure you don't even believe in yourself.

I remember the light in your eyes,
Though now it does not seem the same.
I remember your innocent smile,
Though it's easy to forget your name.

I hear you're living sweet and high up in Frisco,
With all those friends that you thought were so in between.
Making time and hanging out in your discos,
And laughing about me; I'm your former straight
Miss Clean.

Well, I don't care if you think about me at all,
And I don't care to worry if I was right.
Maybe we'll meet outside some underground bar,
Will you know it's me as I drag you through the night.

I remember the light in your eyes,
Though now it does not seem the same.
I remember your innocent smile,
Though it's easy to forget your name.

Kim Stephenson '78

TREES IN THE SPRING

Slender limbs becoming tired and weak
Of reaching for things that are beyond
reach
Your life branching off in many directions
Wanting to touch something, give them
affection

Everything around you is
so young and so fresh
Looking at your surroundings
you have but one wish-
To wear what you once wore
Be reborn, green with life
Taking beauty for granted
And each day in stride.

Heidi Urquhart '78

"FOR AMBER AND ARIEL"

Child of Color
You enhance the world
With the aura of your presence.
Child of Heaven
You bring hope to the aged
That the future is good.
Children of my Soul
Your gift,
Your presence--
Your light,
Will burn in my soul
As a guide to beauty and love.
And as the dove
Proud in flight
Aims for the sun,
Your power
Will sustain that flight
Of humanity.

Ramona Singleton '78

Who has the right to tell me?
Who has the right to tell you?
Its always the same exact questions,
What are we permitted to do?

Can the sunshine light the skies,
Or do clouds have the upper hand?
Can women run the earth,
Or is it the men who rule the land?

Now you say I'm supposed to be slower,
Come on, you can't believe this is so.
I could do it all once the right way in one day,
Before you even heard them say "go."

Another said we're supposed to be weaker,
But this has been said all along.
We may be weaker in strength but not in the mind,
To tell you the truth, they're all wrong.

Finally we come to the question,
Which of the sexes will win?
If it's really a contest we're talking about,
One without the other is a sin!

Diane Peterson '77

I sit in this same seat,
as the class keeps on writing.
I try to pay attention,
but its my thoughts I keep fighting.

At nine in the morning
on this cold winter's day,
I should still be sleeping
That's all I can say.

Perhaps about eleven,
I'll start feeling alive.
I'll go across for some lunch,
cold air hits me outside.

Finally I'm awake
and ready to go.
My classes are all over
now time is going too slow.

As this day continues,
four thirty finally comes.
We put on our coats,
and to dinner we run.

Night has finally crept in,
To end another day.
I'll get up early tomorrow,
Isn't there a better way?

Diane Peterson '77



